

WEATHER REPORT
Showers tonight with cooler
north portion; Wednesday fair
and cooler.

Greencastle Herald.

ALL THE NEWS, ALL THE
TIME FOR JUST 1 CENT A
DAY—THAT'S THE HERALD
—CALL PHONE 65.

VOL. 2, NO. 188. GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. TUESDAY, NOV. 5, 1907. PRICE ONE CENT.

FUGITIVE ARRESTED HERE

RAY KINNEY ALIAS RAY PAYNE, WHO HAS BEEN WORKING FOR THE WATER WORKS CO. HERE, WANTED IN INDIANAPOLIS FOR ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO KILL.

WIFE GAVE OFFICERS A TIP

Man Is Arrested by Marshal Reeves at Boarding House on West Franklin Street—Had Been Here Since Last Friday—Detective Takes Prisoner to Indianapolis.

Wanted in Indianapolis on a charge of assault with intent to kill Ray Kinney alias Ray Payne was arrested here last night by Marshal Reeves and turned over to Detective Duncan of the former city. The arrest followed a telephone message to the Marshal from Chief Bray of the Indianapolis police force, yesterday afternoon. The chief told the Marshal to arrest Kinney and told him where he would find the man. Kinney was wanted for shooting

a man by the name of Hoyt. The affair happened in Indianapolis on Sept. 1. The prisoner told the local officers that he had shot Hoyt twice and that he is in a critical condition. He alleges that he went home one evening and found Hoyt making love to his wife. The shooting followed. Then Kinney left Indianapolis.

Last Friday he came here. His wife accompanied him. The couple took lodgings in a boarding house on west Franklin street. Kinney secured work with the water works company. Yesterday afternoon his wife left Greencastle and went to Indianapolis. She told the police there where they could find her husband and they telephoned immediately to the Marshal.

Accompanied by Officers Stone and Grimes and Deputy Boes, Marshal Reeves went to the house last night and arrested Kinney. He made no resistance. Detective Duncan came from Indianapolis and took the prisoner to that city on the 11 o'clock car.

LONG DISTANCE WIRES DOWN

Cutting down a tree on the O' Hair farm three and a half miles north of town yesterday afternoon put all the north and east long distance telephone wires out of commission for several hours. The tree fell over the wires pulling them all down and breaking three poles. The local telephone company attended to the repairs on the lines.

The Greencastle Chapter No. 255 Order of Eastern Star will meet in regular session Wednesday evening, Nov. 6, 1907 at 7:30 o'clock, prompt. There will be degree work. Sister Nelle Goodbar, Grand Matron, and Brother Will Grow, Grand Patron and the Fillmore Chapter No. 186 will meet with us. All Eastern Star members in the city invited, especially the students.

2588 Lena Spalding Quigg, Sec. Don't forget to read the inside pages, rich in local news and interesting advertising.

DePAUW PLAYS GREAT GAME

Although Defeated by Little Giants Methodists Deserve Great Credit—One Score a Pure Fluke.

THE FINAL SCORE IS 11 TO 4

In a game full of sensational runs, forward passes and punts, the Wabash Little Giants defeated DePauw yesterday afternoon in Crawfordsville by a score of 11 to 4. DePauw's only score was made by Capt. Tucker, who booted a beautiful place kick over the goal from the thirty-five yard line in just three minutes after play began.

The Wabash scores resulted from a safety, a drop kick and one touch down. The latter came in the last few minutes of play and resulted from a fluke which was wholly the result of the Umpire, whose bad work gave the scarlet team their only touchdown.

DePauw played a desperate game throughout the two thirty-five minute halves and had the Wabash aggression badly scared during the entire contest. The Methodists played excellent football and every man on the team deserves great credit. Especially does the work of Capt. Tucker, Quarterback Dea and Tackle Schultz, of the DePauw line-up, deserves special mention. Each of these played a star game and their work materially aided the Methodists in making the fine showing they did.

The touchdown made by Wabash was purely of the fluke order. Wabash had the ball on DePauw's 10 yard line. A play started and the Umpire blew his whistle on an off-side play by DePauw. Both teams stopped play and the players walked back to the Umpire. The DePauw men making no effort to down the runner, who also stopped running and started back. A sudden motion of the runner to place the ball behind the goal line was not interfered with by DePauw.

The Umpire gave a touchdown because Wabash had the privilege of accepting the play or the off-side penalty. The official was in error in stopping the play before the ball had been downed.

The struggle was a pretty one from start to finish and was replete with sensational plays which kept the large crowd on its feet almost constantly. The visitors put up a hard fight and braced wonderfully when touchdowns looked almost inevitable. Time after time the Little Giants worked the pikeskin from the middle of the field to within striking distance of DePauw's goal line by the hardest kind of line smashing tactics, only to have the ball taken away from them by DePauw, who invariably punted the oval to safety.

CLAY COUNTY WANTS CASH

Treasurer Demands That All Railroads Pay Taxes in Currency and Not in Foreign Drafts.

Some of the railroad companies are up against it proper in paying their taxes, and, unless they ship currency to the various county treasurers of the country, they go delinquent on their taxes.

Only one of the railroads that pass through Clay county has paid its taxes. The others have sent drafts on Chicago, and they were promptly notified over the long distance phone that checks or drafts that were good only as clearing house certificates would not be accepted in payment of taxes. Treasurer Bush told them that he must have the currency and they may possibly send the currency today, but it is not likely.

County Treasurer Bush not only is protecting himself, but he is helping the local situation by demanding that the railroads and big corporations owing taxes here, ship in the currency to pay the indebtedness instead of accepting checks or drafts that turn up later as "clearing house certificates."—Brazil Democrat.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Jesse K. Eggers to Lou Allen Stanton.

The Buyers' Guide

The firms whose names are represented in our advertising columns are worthy of the confidence of every person in the community who has money to spend. The fact that they advertise stamps them as enterprising, progressive men of business, a credit to our town, and deserving of support. Our advertising columns comprise a Buyers' Guide to fair dealing, good goods, honest prices.

WILLS PROBATED

Yesterday there were filed for probate in the Clerk's Office the wills of Caroline Troutmann and Armand F. Larkin.

By the will of Caroline Troutmann a life interest in all property real and personal is left to Jacob Troutman, the husband. At his death the property is to go to the daughter, Louisa McIntosh.

Armand F. Larkin leaves a life interest in all his property to his wife, and at her death the property is to be divided among the children, Eliza E. Larkin, William W. and Ulysses G. Larkin.

MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Allen announce the marriage of their daughter, Jean, to Mr. Chas. S. Wallace, at Centenary church, St. Louis on the morning of November 4th, 1907. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace will be at home in St. Louis after December 1st.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Ella Sill Edwards, youngest daughter of James Sill, formerly of Putnam county, Indiana, died, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Olive Coakley, Spokane, Washington, Oct. 12, 1907, of pneumonia, in the 54th year of her age.

Her home was in Mountain Home, Idaho and she was on a visit at her daughter's where she had been only twelve days, was sick seven days. Her husband, daughter and sister, Mrs. Mary Heskell were present when the death angel came and silently bore her over the dark river, so gently and seemingly without pain, safe in the arms of Jesus, her suffering over, her weary head rests on His breast. She had been a member of the Christian church for a number of years and died in that faith, leaving a husband and two children, Mrs. Olive Coakley son, Jesse, also three sisters to mourn her departure. Two sons preceded her to the spirit land where they welcome their mother, who was truly a devoted mother, sharer of their sorrows and pleasers. Her body was sent to Boise City, Idaho for burial.

A Sister.
Engraved cards—script—at the Herald office. One hundred cards and a plate for \$1.50.

At Zeis' Bakery

Angel Food, Devil's Food,
All kinds Layer Cakes.
Coffee Cakes, French Rolls,
Home-Made Doughnuts.
Pumpkin and Mince Pies.
Fresh Oysters, Chickens,
Celery and Pickles.

Phone 67

HELD UNDER A HYDRANT

Star Representative at I. U. Given a Good Drenching by Enraged Fellow Students.

HIS STORIES WERE TOO YELLOW

Because his stories in the Indianapolis paper were too yellow and his gibes so personal, H. Dupree, Indiana representative of the Star, was captured by the upper classmen yesterday afternoon at the I. U. football field and held under a hydrant for three minutes.

Two or three weeks ago Dupree was warned that his writings were becoming offensive and that he must stop them. However, no change was made in the daily reports. Yesterday afternoon the well dressed reporter was watching the freshman-scrub game on Jordan field and at times he yelled out personal gibes at some of the players. Feeling that their patience was completely exhausted, two of the Varsity rushed across the field, seized the unsuspecting student and dragged him to the near by hydrant. Notwithstanding that his clothes were brand new, he was held under the ice-cold water until he humbly begged for mercy and promised to be respectful thereafter. The students now feel that no more false and yellow stories of their pranks will be sent over the state by this once proud representative.

DePAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The Alpha Chis initiated Saturday.

Farris Smith has returned from Franklin.

Miss Grace Rhodes went to Shelbyville Saturday.

Miss Betty Read has been in Crawfordsville.

George Schwieger of Indianapolis was here over Sunday.

Miss Charlotte Triboulett has returned from Muncie.

Eugene Pulliam is confined to his room today by illness.

Miss Ette Warren will return to Muncie this afternoon.

Donald Clarkson was in Crawfordsville over Sunday.

Harry Redding was a Sunday visitor in Crawfordsville.

The Thetas will entertain for their pledges this evening.

Joe Raub, of Indianapolis, visited Delta U brothers yesterday.

The Prohibition League will meet in Plato Hall at 6:30 this evening.

Miss May Barnett was in Worthington from Saturday until Monday.

Fred Whitfield, of Sullivan, Illinois, visited DePauw friends yesterday.

Ralph Sandy, of Cloverdale, was the guest of Delta U brothers yesterday.

Jay Carpenter and Charles Williamson were in Indianapolis Sunday.

Miss Blanch Ayres was the guest of Butler friends Sunday and Monday.

Jesse Halloway of Cloverdale came in Sunday to see D. K. E. brothers.

Miss Kathrine Elfers of Rising Sun, is visiting at the Alpha Chi house.

About one hundred guests were entertained by the Alpha Chis yesterday.

Carroll Penny who was in school last year is the guest of college friends.

Paul Doderidge of Vincennes was a guest at the D. K. E. house over Sunday.

The evening was spent at the home of Miss Davis.

Messrs. Don Harvey, Walter Drolinger and Charles Fellows of Indiana University visited at the Delta Tau House Sunday.

Chapel exercises will commence at 8:30 tomorrow morning. Mr. Sunday, popularly known as "Billy Sunday," will address the student body at that time.

After attending the Wabash-DePauw foot-ball game yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. Parker Wise went to Indianapolis where they will visit. While in school here Mr. Wise was a Deke and Mrs. Wise was a Theta.

That Indiana University is striving hard for all athletic honors was proven by the hard practice of four different athletic teams yesterday, the foot ball, track and base ball squads on Jordan field and the basketball squad in the gym.

Mrs. Edward Loud of Albion, Mich. Grand President of Alpha Chi Omega, came last evening to visit the members of this chapter. Mrs. Loud has been in Indianapolis where the Grand Council of Alpha Chi Omega has been in session. Mrs. Eston, Mrs. Will Wade and Miss Alta Roberts of the Beta chapter were also down last evening.

In a short talk in Chapel this morning President Hughes commented upon yesterday's foot-ball game at Crawfordsville. He said in part: "I am very proud of our team. They played a good, clean, gentlemanly game from start to finish. It is beyond my comprehension that a team that was dishonest could prove itself stronger." The president's remarks brought forth rousing cheers and loud applause.

When you lose anything tell the people about it in the Want Column of the Herald. You probably will get your property back.

POLICE COURT NEWS

James Christenberry was before the Mayor this morning and fined \$20 for assault upon Charles Wright. The trouble occurred on the north side of the square Saturday night. The fine was stayed by John Cooper.

James McNally, a laborer was arrested yesterday afternoon for intoxication. This morning he was fined \$11 by the Mayor. McNally left his watch for security and promised the Mayor to come in and pay his fine within a few days.

After buying a complete outfit of new clothing at one of the local clothing stores, Pete McAlly, a stranger who says he is a glass blower, wandered down the street early this morning, with his bundle of clothing. Pete was pretty drunk and when he came to the Hirt Shoe store he decided he would take a nap. Taking his bundle for a pillow and the door step for a bed he proceeded to make himself as comfortable as possible. Mr. Hirt objected to having his doorstep used as a bed and the police were called. Pete was arrested and taken to jail, where he will sober up.

Try a Herald Want Ad.

Sunday Papers

All customers getting Sunday papers please pay the boy when he delivers your paper. I sell the papers to the boy and he sells them to you. Sunday papers for sale at my store and at Badger & Green's.

S. C. Sayers
Phone 388

MOVING PICTURES

AT EVANS' HALL

The Man of Straw Cock Fighting in Seville
The Bewitched Traveller Fatal Sneeze

—ALL COMIC—

SONG: "When Autumn Leaves are Falling"

PRICES: Children 5c, Adults 10c

Comfort

The lines of The Stetson Shoe are refined and graceful in design and do not deviate from the natural curves of comfort.



THE STETSON SHOE

THE STETSON SHOE CO. 80, N. W. BOSTON, MASS.

is not only free from strains and pulls from within, but withstands the wear and tear from without, because it is made from the highest quality of materials obtainable and constructed with the utmost perfection of detail. The merest glance shows it to be The Better Shoe—close inspection brings out the reasons for its superiority.

Full lines—all styles—all lasts.
For Sale by
SIMPSON HIRT

E. B. LYNCH

House Furnisher and
Funeral Director

GREENCASTLE, IND.

12 and 14 North Jackson St. Telephones 89 and 108

THE Central National Bank

IS A
UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

We have cash on hand and in banks

Three Hundred and Thirty-Two Thousand Dollars

We also own two hundred and ten thousand dollars of U. S. bonds and one hundred thousand of Putnam county and other high grade securities,

WITH TOTAL ASSETS OF MORE THAN
ONE MILLION DOLLARS

We solicit your business.

R. L. O'HAIR, Pres't. J. L. RANDEL, Cashier.

Home-Maed Candies

Always Fresh
THE KIND THE GREEK MAKES

The Palace Restaurant

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

The Greencastle Herald

Published every evening except Sunday by the Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 17 and 18 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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GOVERNMENT AND INTERESTS.

Mr. Cortelyou is now heralded as the savior of the country because he poured government money into Wall street during the panic. This praise is not well founded, however. When examined closely it shows only a too close relation between the government and the "interests." Jay Gould cornered gold and ruined many men and nearly the country at large, because he "stood in" with the Grant administration which refused to let government gold be placed upon the market. There seems to be the same close relationship today. Each secretary of the treasury and comptroller of currency, as soon as out of office, is made president of a New York bank. And now, when the wealthy malefactors of Wall street are about to reap the harvest of their own sowing, the government steps in and places the United States treasury

ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

For Sheriff—

Edward H. Eiteljorg wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Treasurer—

Henry H. Runyan, of Jefferson Township, wishes to announce his candidacy for the nomination for Treasurer of Putnam County, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Coroner—

Edmund B. Lynch, of Greencastle township, announces that he is a candidate for the nomination for Coroner of Putnam County. He asks the support of the Democrats in the coming primary.

For Sheriff—

Theodore Boes is a candidate for nomination to the Office of Sheriff of Putnam county at the coming Democratic primary.

For Sheriff—

Powell S. Brasier of Greencastle wishes to announce to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Putnam county.

W. M. Moser, of Jefferson township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for commissioner of Putnam county from the Third District.

For Commissioner, Third District—I am a candidate for commissioner of the Third District, subject to the Democratic Primary. Alcaany Farmer.

For Treasurer—

Jasper Miller, of Monroe township, announces that he is a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic Primary.

For Treasurer—

James H. Hurst wishes to announce that he is a candidate for Treasurer of Putnam county subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Commissioner, Third District—David J. Skelton, of Washington township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for Commissioner of the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Coroner—

Dr. R. J. Gillespie, of Greencastle township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for Coroner subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Sheriff—

F. M. Stroube, of Washington township, announces that he is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Commissioner Third District—Ed. Houck, of Washington township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for county commissioner for the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

at their disposal. In the mean time the cotton growers of the South, feeling the money stringency, asked for help from the treasury, that they might not be forced to sell their cotton for less than the market. Then Mr. Cortelyou calmly informs them that all the money of the government is in use. He is sorry but he can not help. Mad financiers bring the country to the brink of ruin by dishonesty and graft, and Mr. Cortelyou rushes forward with open hands to pull them from the pit they themselves have dugged. But the cotton grower, producing actual wealth, with honesty and industry, must suffer the results of the mad financiering, and no smooth hand of a Treasury Secretary is thrust out to help. Soundly the people sleep!

CHATTY MR. ROCKEFELLER.

Mr. Rockefeller has been interviewed, and the reporter states that he was in a "chatty mood." Rockefeller is noted for this. Give him half a chance, before a reporter or a Sunday school, and he will, without effort which perhaps shows the result of long practice, deliver himself of most astounding misrepresentations of fact. Mr. Rockefeller is optimistic. He believes that the reading public forgets all facts and remembers only his vaporings. Thus he says: "The conduct of the Standard Oil Company has been in the hands of high minded, honorable gentlemen. No brighter, better men, animated with a finer spirit were ever brought together." And this after the "History of Standard Oil" by Miss Tarbell, and what we know of Rogers and his gas deals from the writings of Lawson. The opinion that "great captains of industry" hold of the people at large should cause us to blush. We are looked upon as fools, ready to believe anything a "captain" says, in spite of proof. And yet we can not blame the financiers—only ourselves. The many years the "captains" have sheared the lambs has led to this low idea of the people's intellectual ability. Even yet you will hear people defending Standard Oil, and quoting Rockefeller. Verily our schools and colleges are not strengthening the intellect.

PROTECT YOUR CITY.

Every business man should, when paying outside bills send drafts secured at local banks. In this way the banks can check against their deposits in Indianapolis and other cities, and will be able to get that much of the money held by these corresponding banks. Let us all do some thinking and stand by the banks and the city.

LONG BRANCH.

Hazel Reeves, who has been spending the summer with his grandfather, William Thomas, has departed again for the West where he hopes to make his future home.

Our pensioners all hail with delight the arrival of November 4th, because this is Uncle Sam's "pay day."

The baby wagon came along and Ben Dickey took one to raise.

James Layman is in very poor health. He has been afflicted all summer with hay fever, neuralgia, and rheumatism. He is now confined to his bed most of the time.

George Garrett has removed the old shed kitchen from his house and will make an addition of three rooms instead.

The friends of William Boswell have received the news of his safe arrival in Indian Territory. He seems to be well pleased with his new location.

Henry Crose has moved from the brick house on John Young's place to Mr. Lockridge's farm.

A. Call has sold the Arth Ragle property to Mr. Jenkins.

Some of the people of west Madison and east Jackson, Park county, have organized a beef company and are butchering regularly every week.

Mrs. Susan Morlan is on the sick list. She is afflicted with heart trouble.

The birthday dinner at Charley Thomas' last Sunday was well attended and the feast of good things was a pleasure to the eye as well as to the palate. All departed wishing Charley many more happy birthdays.

Miss Flora Johnson left last Friday for her Western home en route she will stop at Cameron, Missouri, to visit her cousin, Mrs. Chloe White and also at Denver, Colorado, to visit her second cousin, Mrs. Nannie Hutchinson.

Mrs. J. T. Rowings, who has been in very poor health, is much improved at this writing.

Hallowe'en was observed in this locality in the usual outlandish style. Wheels were removed from vehicles, the roads were fenced and other similar depredations too numerous to mention.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Alsbaugh a girl.

OFFER TO PLAY FOR BRYAN

Purdue Band Volunteers to Furnish The Music at Y. M. C. A. Meeting Addressed by Bryan.

The Purdue band has volunteered its services for the men's mass meeting to be held in the coliseum under the auspices of the Lafayette Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, November 17 at 3 o'clock.

The speaker at this meeting will be William J. Bryan who comes to Lafayette to attend the annual banquet of the Jackson club, which will take place on Monday evening, November 18. Those in charge of the arrangements for the mass meeting feel complimented by the offer made by the Purdue band.

The sale of tickets for the Jackson club banquet has taken an unusual course this year. So much significance is attached to the affair that the members of the club have stepped aside to enable prominent democrats in Indiana and other states to participate. There were 658 tickets issued for the banquet and the number was exhausted a month ago. Only thirty-eight tickets were sold in Lafayette and some of them have been surrendered by the purchasers. One man who bought three tickets gave up one for the benefit of Hon. J. O. Henderson, of Kokomo, ex-secretary of state.

REPUBLICAN DISCRIMINATION

Money For Wall Street but None for Legitimate Business or to Protect The Poor Man.

On the first of last week the working balance in the United States treasury, as shown by the daily statement of the treasury department, was \$54,000,000. On last Saturday it was only \$20,000,000. Thirty-four millions had been put out to "stem the panic." Of this sum Mr. Cortelyou, according to dispatches, put \$23,000,000 in New York, \$25,000 at one time and \$8,000,000 a day later. The millions, under J. Piermont Morgan's direction, were used to bolster up the stock market. In other words, the money was loaned at 20 and 50 per cent to brokers to protect speculative margins.

While the public money was being used to protect the interests of the stock gamblers, a request that \$20,000,000 be deposited in Southern banks to prevent sacrifices of cotton, was refused. The treasury officials said that they had no money for that purpose as the "funds in the treasury had been reduced to a mere working balance." But how reduced? By using it in Wall Street.

Congressman Burleson, of Texas, who had asked for the deposits to save sacrifices, said: "There is surely as good reason to protect the producers from being forced to sacrifice their cotton because of tightness of money in the banks, as there is to come to the relief of the stock gamblers in Wall Street to save them from the necessity of selling their stocks at a sacrifice because of the tight money market." Mr. Burleson makes a strong point, but he forgets the "tie that binds" Secretary Cortelyou to Wall street.—Bloomfield Democrat.

My Best Friend.

Alexander Benton, who lives on Rural Route 1, Fort Edward, N. Y., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is my best earthly friend. It cured me of asthma six years ago. It has also performed a wonderful cure of infantile consumption for my son's wife. The first bottle ended the terrible cough, and this accomplished, the other symptoms left one by one, until she was perfectly well. Dr. King's New Discovery's power over coughs and colds is simply marvelous." No other remedy has ever equaled it. Fully guaranteed by The Owl Drug Store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Monon Route Excursions.

To Jamestown Ter. Centennial Exposition, Tickets on sale, April 19 to Nov. 30.

Season tickets, \$27.80, sixty day, \$24.25, fifteen day \$20.25, ten day tickets on sale each Tuesday, \$14.75. Numerous concessions in way of stop offs and variable routes can be obtained.

Homeseekers excursions to Western and Southern States, on sale 1st J. A. Michael, Agent.

All the News Every thing that happens in the home town; the births, marriages, deaths, the social affairs, the comings and goings of the people—your neighbors; the notes of the schools and churches; all these and many other new and interesting things this paper will All the Time give you

DOING EUROPE.

This Tourist Seemed to Have a Mania For Souvenirs.

I had met Jones before. In fact, meeting him had become a sort of habit. The first time I saw him he was hanging by his feet, an apoplectic, squirming mass, on the facade of Barney castle, kissing the stone of eloquence. My camera caught him in the act. "Gad," he spluttered when I told him that his feet were immortalized. "Is my face in it? Send me one, will you? That'll prove to the folks back in Zanesville that I did it."

I had run across him again in London, where all ways meet. I was sauntering around the Whitechapel ghetto, and through the window of an alley tavern I noticed two men drinking stout. One was a "bobby" in uniform. His eyes were bleared and his face purple. The profile of the other looked familiar. I walked in and beheld—Jones. The policeman, startled by my intrusion, brought himself together and wobbled out. Jones turned to me with a look of vast reproach.

"Glad to see you again, old man, but—why in the deuce couldn't you stay away a little longer? I'd have had it in half an hour more."

"Had what?"

"Why, his club. Lord, what a souvenir that would have made!"

Our ways parted again for awhile. I was riding a wheel over the crest of the Black forest near Titisee, pumping slowly to the top of the long, white road. A pine cone struck my handle bar, another knocked my hat off, and I looked up. An aerial voice emitted a Tyrolean halloo with much unctio, and I saw a swaying speck silhouetted against a cloud. My instinct told me it was Jones.

"Hey, old man!" he yelled, trumpeting through his hand, "take my picture—quick. You're just in time. Can't hold on much longer. Camera's at foot of tree. Lost it halfway up."

His camera was smashed, so I used my own. "Were you expecting me?" I asked when he slumped down, with barked hands and frayed trousers.

"No, not exactly. Look here—biggest pine cone in Germany, from the tallest tree on top of the highest hill in the Schwarzwald. There's something worth while!"

I admitted it, and we stood surveying the panorama of mounded hills and deep cut gorges full of the sound of falling water.

"Lovely!" I murmured. "What? Oh, yes, I s'pose it is. But say—I wonder if I couldn't find a bigger cone somewhere in these parts. Let's move on."—Wilfred H. Alburn in Outing Magazine.

Free Lunch For a Lion.

He was selling suspenders on the street, but he declared that in his palmy days he had been Professor Piccolomini, the lion tamer.

"What made you give it up?" he was asked.

"Well, you see it was this way. Once I was engaged to tame a lion called Frederick Barbarossa, who was certainly a wild proposition. "But I was equal to the task. By slow and gradual steps I taught Frederick good manners. I used to walk into his cage, snap a whip, make him do stunts and all that sort of thing. Everything went along beautifully. But I got into trouble when I tried to teach Frederick to eat out of my hand."

"How?"

"Why, he ate three fingers out of my hand, confound him! Have a pair of suspenders? They work without hitching. Twenty-five cents."—New York Times.

A Boomerang.

A very rich, very economical and very parsimonious young squire was making preparations for a tenants' ball some years ago and at his wine merchant's discovered a cheap brand of champagne. "This," he said, "is a good brand of champagne. It is quite good enough for those people who will come to my tenants' ball. They couldn't tell the difference, anyway." Accordingly he ordered a dozen cases of the cheap wine. A day or two before the event, picking up his newspaper, he noticed that his wine merchant had a half page advertisement. He ran his eye over it and saw in big black letters the paragraph, "Try our celebrated champagne at 38 shillings a dozen, as ordered by Gobsa Gold, Esq., for his forthcoming tenants' ball."—Illustrated Bits.

Business Hours in Honolulu.

Business manners in Honolulu lack the strain and flurry of the mainland city. The hard, white, anxious Chicago face no man wears here. The dodging and hurrying to go around the man in front are never seen. The accent of life is on men, not money or machines. There is not much doing before 10 o'clock, and at 4 the safes are locked, the desks are shut, and the men who do things are off for a ride or a swim or a game of tennis. Here a man does his business.—Chicago News.

Another View.

Mrs. Tourist—I'm afraid that the monkey wouldn't please my husband. Vender—But madam will find it easier to find another husband than to get a monkey like that for 3 plasters!—Translated For Transatlantic Tales From Le Rire.

It Regrinds.

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past," remarked the mournful citizen.

"That's where a joke mill has the bulge on a water mill," cackled the cheerful press humorist.—Pittsburg Post.

The big responsibilities of married life are little ones.—Bohemian.

THIRTY FOUR WILL TRY

CANDIDATES FOR DEBATE HONORS ARE MORE THAN NUMEROUS THIS YEAR.

BIG SOPHOMORE DELEGATION

At a committee meeting yesterday morning, the following schedule of sides and order of speaking was adopted by lot:

Seniors—Joe Larimore, 1st aff.; Carl Mann, 2nd aff.; Luther Markin, 1st neg.; Ray S. Fellows, 2nd neg.; Juniors—J. A. Kirkpatrick, 1st aff.; Burton Varlan, 2nd aff.; F. V. Westhafer, 3rd aff.; Edward Lockwood, 1st neg.; Fred Greenstreet, 2nd neg.; Jay Carpenter, 3rd neg.

Sophomores—B. Bloomburg, 1st aff.; Foster Riddick, 2nd aff.; G. E. Mangun, 3rd aff.; A. L. Adams, 4th aff.; Lester Jones, 5th aff.; Paul Riddick, 6th aff.; W. Ward, 7th aff.; G. A. Manning, 1st neg.; Roy I. Jackson 2nd neg.; J. R. Schmidt, 3rd neg.; H. F. Cline 4th neg.; P. G. Lantz, 5th neg.; I. C. Gardner, 6th neg.

Freshmen—R. B. Nicholson, 1st aff.; Andrew Hunt 2nd aff.; Paul Henderson, 3rd aff.; Carl Schladerman 4th aff.; H. B. Hartsock, 5th aff.; Paul McCorkle, 6th aff.; Rex Trabue, 1st neg.; Frank P. Lucas, 2nd neg.; H. G. Moore, 3rd neg.; E. Troxall, 4th neg.; Edgar Miller, 5th neg.

Some of the men have not paid their fee of \$1 yet, but if not paid by Wednesday, November 6, their names will be dropped from the list. The number of minutes that each speaker will have and the dates of the debates will be announced in Wednesday's columns of the Daily.

WAS RATHER COLD THERE

Balloon With Self Registering Thermometer Goes Eight Miles High And Finds Temperature Low.

That a balloon has reached a height of 46,680 feet and there recorded a temperature of 111 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, was one of the statements made in the course of an address at the last day's discussion of the Aeronautical congress at New York, Tuesday, by Prof. A. Lawrence Rotch of the Blue Hill observatory, Boston.

Prof. Rotch told of his long series of experiments with miniature balloons for the purpose of testing air currents and securing temperatures at high altitudes. The balloons are made of rubber and carry special instruments for recording distance traveled, altitude and temperature, which are attached to a parachute. When at a great height the hydrogen with which the balloons are filled expands to such an extent that the balloon itself explodes and the parachute carrying the instruments and the records made on the trip float down to earth.

Prof. Rotch said that his experiments showed that at a distance of about eight miles from the earth's surface in the temperate zone, the temperature recorded, which had been at the rate of about 1 degree for each 200 or 300 yards, began suddenly to rise again, proving that there was a stratum of warm air above where intense cold had been recorded. At the equator balloons had been sent up, but at the highest altitude reached the warm stratum had not been found.

On Monday night, at the rooms of the Aero club, the international cup will be presented to Oscar Erbslosh, winner of the St. Louis race.

BEGINNING OF BASEBALL.

The history of the American game dates from the first National Association of baseball in New York in 1858. The first series of important match games was played between picked nines of Brooklyn and New York, at Flushing in the same year. Nearly 2,000 persons—a large crowd for those days—paid their 50 cents a head to see the contest. The rules of baseball were very crude in those days. The pitcher's position was simply limited to a twelve foot line forty-five feet from the home base, behind which he could take any number of slips he wished. All he was required to do was to pitch the ball as near as possible over the home base. There was no penalty for wild pitching or for refusing to strike at fair balls. I once saw a pitcher deliver sixty balls to a single batsman in one inning before there was a strike. Not until 1870 were there any paraphernalia for defense. Old time catchers' hands were a sight with their cracked joints and bruised palms.—Harry Chadwick in Outing.

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We are located on the Ben Lucans old lumber yard grounds where we will handle all kinds of COAL, (Near Vandalia Station)

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MEALS FOR A DAY

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

BREAKFAST.

Quaker Puffed Wheat.
Eggs, butter, toast, jam, fruit, coffee.

LUNCHEON.

Potato Puff.
Onion Sandwiches.

DINNER.

Tomato Soup.
Roast Veal, Mashed Potatoes.
Lima Beans, Lettuce Salad.
Tapioca Cocoanut Custard.

Bread Griddle Cakes—One pint stale bread soaked over night in cold water; drain all water off over colander, then mash through colander and add one cupful sour milk or buttermilk, in which a quarter teaspoonful soda has been dissolved, a quarter teaspoonful salt and one beaten egg. To this mixture add enough flour to make a thin batter. A very little flour will be needed. Fry as other batter cake. No scraps of bread need be wasted in any family, and this means of using dry bread possesses two advantages—utilizing what would otherwise be thrown away, and producing griddle cakes that overcome the objection of not being sufficiently cooked (which is the reason ordinary griddle cakes are not wholesome,) since it will be seen that these cakes have very little raw flour in them. Graham and corn bread may be used with white bread.

Filling for Lemon Cake—Use any good white layer cake recipe and fill with custard made from yolks of three eggs (two will do), one lemon grated whole, three-fourths of a cup of sugar and one-half a cup of cocoanut; cook in double boiler until nicely thickened.

Cut pears in quarters of eights, pare place in baking dish with sugar, but no water, cover tightly and bake several hours. Rich and delicious.

Don't Pay Alimony.

to be divorced from your appendix. There is no occasion for it if you keep your bowels regular with Dr. King's New Life Pills. There action is so gentle that the appendix never has cause to make the least complaint. Guaranteed by The Owl Drug Store. 225c Try them.

Try a Herald Want Ad.

A Tender Steak

Makes the most delicious meal in the world, and the place to get it is

Haspel's Meat Market.

Our Meat Market has a well established and enviable reputation for cleanliness, the good quality of its meats and for square dealing.

Northwest Corner Public Square

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lvs Greencastle	Lvs Indianapolis.
6:00 am	6:00 am
7:00 am	7:00 am
8:00 am	8:00 am
9:00 am	9:00 am
10:00 am	10:00 am
11:00 am	11:00 am
12:00 m	12:00 m
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
6:00 pm	6:00 pm
7:00 pm	7:00 pm
8:00 pm	8:00 pm
9:00 pm	9:00 pm
11:00 pm	11:30 pm

RUPERT BARTLEY, Agent.

MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1905

North Bound	South Bound
1:23 am	2:13 pm
9:32 am	8:53 am
12:33 pm	2:20 pm
5:52 pm	5:20 pm

All trains run daily.

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Heaters and ranges—a store full of them. Now is the time to buy your stove and this is the place to buy.

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Estate Oak Ranges

3 Sizes—
\$18, \$20, \$22

LAUREL HEATERS

1 Size—\$25
A Bargain Heater

Other Heaters at Right Prices

J. H. Hamilton Hardware Store N. W. Corner Square

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Rate to Families 25c
per Hundred Pounds

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Crystal Ice Co.

Try a Herald Want Ad.

NO FOOTBALL THERE

Valparaiso Students Expelled for Taking Part in Sport Ruled Out of Northern Normal.

Several students of Valparaiso university have been expelled because they played football on Wednesday at Hammond in violation of the rules of the school.

Valparaiso is excited over the action of the university, and the 4,000 students of the institution were so wrought up about it that the professors couldn't secure their attention at classes. Mass meetings were held in the town and on the campus. The townspeople were almost equally divided on the wisdom of the faculty's action, but the students were inclined to condemn it, as the expelled students were popular.

Four years ago, as a result of the agitation against football, following the killing or maiming for life of many college students, Valparaiso college decided to put no more regular football at the institution. The students were permitted to kick the ball around the campus and at practice, but were allowed to play no more games with outside teams. The university authorities refused to give the names of the expelled students, but they are all residents of northern Indiana.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Bryan Gives His Views on Panics and American Prosperity—A Broad Gauge Opinion.

"There is no chance for a general financial depression so long as we continue to have good crops, for you can't bankrupt the people when they can sell their crops for good prices," asserted William Jennings Bryan.

"The present trouble," he said, "is largely due to the investigations that have disclosed exploitation of fictitious valuations."

"But I do not lay the blame upon the administration. It has merely pointed out an end. The wages of sin is death in business as in life."

"The depositors should have an additional security, in the way of a guaranty to protect them in cases like the present. I am in favor of a small deposit tax, both under Government and State laws, which will give this protection."

WHAT THE SAILORS WILL EAT

Supplies That Go With the Great Fleet in Its Trip Round the Horn To the Pacific.

At the Brooklyn navy yard Friday the machinery was set in motion by which food supply for 15,000 officers and enlisted men who are to start for the Pacific coast next month in the fleet of battleships, torpedo boats and auxiliaries will be stowed away in the holds of the supply ships Glacier and Culgoa, which are to carry all the provisions for the ships.

Many articles of food now served out to the enlisted men the old-time sailors never dreamed of being able to eat at sea, such as condensed milk, canned peaches and pears, nuts, jellies, chocolate and other sweets. Besides the 500,000 pounds of flour that the Glacier is to carry, she will have 65,000 pounds of Frankfurter sausage and 20,000 pounds of Bologna sausage. Six thousand dozen eggs, to be issued at Trinidad, will also be taken on board, as well as 250,000 pounds of potatoes.

Fourteen thousand pounds of plug tobacco, together with 3,700 cigars and 27,000 cigarettes, will accommodate the wants of smokers. The 500,000 pounds of fresh beef, the chickens, mutton and other perishable articles will not be taken on board until the last moment.

The Culgoa will take the same amount of stores as the Glacier. Both ships will take their coal on board this week.

ONE LONE REPRESENTATIVE

DePAUW YELL AT TEXAS BANQUET CREATES MUCH MERRIMENT AND APPLAUSE.

COLLEGE ORGINATION FORMED

At a banquet in Dallas, Texas, some few days ago when sixty graduates representing colleges from almost every state in the Union, one lone representative from DePauw in the personage of Curtis P. Smith, created not a little merriment and much applause when he broke the silence with "Zip, rah, who—D. P. U.—Rap, saw boom, haw—Bully for Old DePauw."

Smith was rather a bashful banqueter and at the brilliant function he hesitated in making himself known to the pan-hellenic world. After the several courses, however, the various loyal sons began to peel forth with yells from their respective schools. Smith was doubtful. He hesitated and the thought struck him when everything was real quiet. The DePauw yell resounded, however, and his performance was a feature of the affair.

At the brilliant banquet, the college men of Dallas perfected a permanent organization and expect to make it live. Officers were elected and plans to have frequent meetings were formulated. The first affair was a decided success and with the sole representative from the Methodist institution figuring so prominently in the future there is no doubt as to its success.

THERE WAS SNOW IN OCTOBER

Men With Memories Compare the Present Weather With the Past And Tell Results.

The average temperature for October was 49.8. This year 3.5 degrees below that of one year ago and 4.1 degrees below the normal for the last seventeen years. The normal for the month is 53.9. The highest recorded on the 2nd and the lowest was 25, recorded on the 19th. The range for the month was 59 degrees and the greatest for twenty-four hours 29 degrees. The mercury dropped below 32 on seven days.

The warmest October was in 1900 with a mean temperature of 61.3 and the coolest in 1895, with a mean of 46.9. This last named year was a colder October than the month just past. The warmest October day was October 2, 1901, when the mercury reached 92 and coldest was Oct. 30, 1895, when the record shows a minimum of 15.

The total rainfall for October was 2.35 inches. This was .73 of an inch below that of one year ago and .21 of an inch above the normal. The average rainfall for October is 2.14 inches. The rainiest October was in 1901 when just four inches of precipitation was recorded and the driest was in 1892 when there was no precipitation at all.

In the month just past there were 15 clear days, five partly cloudy and eleven cloudy. Rain fell on eleven days, snow on two, frost was recorded on twelve, fogs on four, thunder was heard on one and a rainbow was observed on one.

MADE FUN OF KING EDWARD.

King Edward has met with many amusing adventures during his wanderings on the continent, and a good story is told of an episode which befell him in Belgium.

He was walking through the country lanes with a party of friends, when they came to a farm house and King Edward thought he would like a glass of milk. As it chanced, the farmer and his wife were just taking a milk can into the house, and one of the party made known what was wanted.

The king was just about to drink the milk when the farmer's wife, speaking in rapid Flemish to her husband, said:

"I wonder how much I can get out of the long-nosed Englishman for that?"

King Edward laughed, and, handing her an English crown, said, in his own language:

"Allow me to present you with a portrait of the long-nosed Englishman!"

The woman's consternation can be better imagined than described.—Penny Pictorial.

A Narrow Escape.

G. W. Cloyd, a merchant, of Plunk, Mo., had a narrow escape four years ago, when he ran a Jimson bur into his thumb. He says: "The doctor wanted to amputate it but I would not consent. I bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and that cured the dangerous wound." 25c at The Owl Drug Store.

SHORN LAMBS.

Ways of the Men Who Lose Their All in Wall Street.

What becomes of the men who lose in Wall street. They are seldom heard of. The visitor to New York gets the notion that the gay crowd of men at the Waldorf—the "uptown 'street'"—comprises them all. But this crowd is altogether misrepresentative and has no true sign value, says a writer on Wall street in the New Broadway Magazine.

You can retain your equilibrium easily in watching them by remembering that Runner of New Britain is hiding somewhere, a fugitive from justice; that Jumper of Milwaukee is in prison; that there are many other men who went down hard with big crashes, and that for every one of the big men there are 10,000 little men whose losses are smaller, but not a whit less fatal.

You would find some of them tonight in New York, if you knew in what window to look, figuring anxiously and endlessly, looking over insurance papers to see if further loans are admissible.

Their wives are sewing; their daughters are studying stenography. You will find others hanging about hotel lobbies, and the moment you catch their eye or grip their hands you know that they are nervous, distraught, broke, restless—typical Wall street victims.

The others, professionals, parasites, satellites, winners, you will find in the cafes and hotel restaurants, making up a large part of the crowds at Sherry's and Delmonico's, Martin's and Rector's, the Waldorf, Manhattan, Astor, St. Regis and Holland House. Wall street by day demands the Great White Way at night. From the moment the market opens till its close the game is a fast and furious one of sharp trickery, clever dodging, rallery, bluffing, hypocrisy, lying.

Nerves are constantly tense; the brain must be clear and quick at every move. Successful lying uses up gray matter, and the flash and festivity of the Tenderloin at night are just unnatural enough to fit in and offer the kind of recreation desired.

SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY.

The Reporter Seized It and Got His Real Start in Life.

All the city traveling public loves a strap hanger because it has a fellow feeling for him. This is why the story of how Frank Vanderlip, the banker, got his start has an almost universal appeal. It happened when Vanderlip was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper and writing financial news. The traction situation then, as now, was almost impossible. Charles T. Yerkes was traction dictator, and the stockholders and the public never had a word to say in the conduct of the roads. Nor could they get any definite idea of the financial condition of the properties.

The time for the annual meeting of the stockholders of the principal road came along. At all the meetings Mr. Yerkes had rattled off the reports in the usual unpalatable corporation way, and no one knew what was doing. So Vanderlip planned a coup. He bought a share of stock, which admitted him to the meeting. He had been a stenographer before he became a newspaper man. When Mr. Yerkes sailed into his breezy explanation of finances the young reporter took down everything he said. Mr. Yerkes used one striking phrase, and it was this:

"The passengers who have seats pay the operating expenses, but the strap hangers pay your dividends."

The next day the sentence topped Vanderlip's account of the meeting. It aroused a storm of discussion, for it laid bare some of the traction methods; also it got Vanderlip a raise in salary and a promotion.—Saturday Evening Post.

Nothing Like That in America.

"This was told me the other day," said a man, "by a friend who has just made the tour of Ireland. He was at the lakes of Killarney, and a Jarvey driving one of those side seated cars was telling him of a visitor who was attempting to masquerade as an American, but had all the outward signs of being an Englishman."

"You say, sorr," said the Jarvey, "that you live in the United States. Were yez ever in Dubuque, Ia.?"

"'I was," said the traveler. "I was there for a fortnight."

"'Of wid ye' said the carman. "Ye were niver there. Divil a fortnight do they have in America."—Indianapolis News.

Getting It Right.

It was on a street car in the city of Washington. Two colored women in cheaply gorgeous splendor were talking, and one chanced to mention a Mr. Jinks in her conversation.

"Excuse me," said the other woman, "but his name is not Jinks. It is Mr. Jenks."

"Oh, I sees," said the other woman complacently. "I sees that you puts de access on de pronoun."—Lippincott's.

A Bit of Sarcasm.

A young man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart a few nights ago was surprised when a window in an upper story was raised as he left the house and the voice of the mistress called out, "Leave an extra quart this morning, please!"—Argonaut.

Her Fourth.

Lawyer—As your husband died intestate, you will of course get a third. Widow—Oh, I hope to get my fourth. He was my third, you know.—Town and Country.

The Irresistible Lunge.

[Original.]

George Ringwalt and I were school fellows, and when the Spanish war broke out both ran away from home to enlist, neither of us being eighteen years of age. During the siege of Santiago George was left wounded in an exposed position. I went back and carried him to a safer place. He set great store by an act which I consider only the most natural in the world and declared that he would never rest content till he had repaid the debt. But he did not recover from his wound and in addition contracted typhoid fever, of which he died at Montauk Point. He expired brooding over the fact that he could not live to repay the service I had done him.

When I was mustered out of the service I was offered a commission in the regular army, but I decided to study medicine. While taking a finishing course in Paris I unintentionally won the regard of a girl who, unfortunately for me, had a lover already. Had I known of this man's existence I should have endeavored to keep the girl at a distance. The first intimation I had of him was at a supper I was enjoying with a number of my fellow students. A man in passing behind me brushed against me so forcibly as to knock me off my chair. Looking up at him, I saw that his act was intentional. Quick as a flash I sprang at him and knocked him down. Before he could retaliate I was seized by my companions, and my antagonist, throwing a card at me, left the cafe. The card bore the name of Antoine Dupuy, and one of my party informed me that he was the lover of the girl who had honored me.

Well, I was obliged to fight him—that is, I saw no way of avoiding meeting him under the Paris code without subjecting myself to a worse fate, for the friend he sent me with a challenge informed me that his principal was bent on killing me, and I preferred to die in a respectable fashion rather than be stabbed in the back. I had little or no training as a shot or a fencer, so I threw dice to decide whether I should choose (I had the right as the challenged party) foils or pistols. The dice said foils, and foils it was.

I knew the fellow could do with me what he liked, and, as his second had told me he would kill me, the prospect was gloomy. Before Santiago there had been no more chance of my getting killed than any one else. It was the certainty in the present case I didn't like. Had I not had soldierly instincts and a fair share of pride I believe I would have left Paris by a midnight train.

The night before the meeting I was asleep in bed. Suddenly I awoke. There stood George Ringwalt. My first impression was that I had been mistaken in his death. Before I could pass to a second impression he said to me:

"Get up!"

I did so and stood in my pajamas, waiting the next move in this strange affair. A couple of foils were standing in a corner. George took one, handed me the other, then placed himself on guard. I passively did the same. After a few passes he put back his left foot and toyed with my foil. Then suddenly he lunged. I saw, but did not feel, his foil pass through my body. While I was wondering, he said, "On guard!" and made the same movement a second time, again running me through the body.

"Try it yourself," he said.

I did as he suggested, making several trials, every one of which failed, not because of the defense, but because of my own clumsiness. But I kept on until at last it seemed to me that it was not George standing before me, but my enemy of the morrow, and that my life depended on my making the lunge successfully. Concentrating all my watchfulness, my activity, my strength, I threw it with one supreme effort, running my foil clean through the body before me and breaking my foil against the wall.

That's the last of consciousness for me till I was aroused at 4 o'clock by my second. Had I dreamed or had George Ringwalt come back to show me how I could win? The foils stood in the corner. Neither was broken. I must have dreamed. As soon as I had got into my clothes we went downstairs, stepped into a carriage and rolled away to the place of meeting. There stood my adversary, with a self satisfied look on his face which seemed to say, "I shall kill you in a few minutes."

I remembered the lunge I had practiced in my dream, if it was a dream, and felt that it was my only chance. Almost as soon as we had crossed weapons I put my left foot back and toyed for a few moments with my adversary's blade. What there was in my eye that disconcerted him I don't know. He must have seen something there, for he showed a momentary fright. Seizing his opportunity, feeling a confidence I could not account for, I lunged. My foil passed through my enemy's body and protruded eighteen inches from his back.

I was hurried away to a train for Havre, where I sailed for home. I have never been able to make up my mind whether George Ringwalt returned from the dead to save my life, whether he effected the purpose through a dream or whether the dream, if such it was, was but natural. Natural or supernatural, the visitation gave me the victory. What adds to the complication is that I have since been told that what I learned of swordsmanship is well known to certain experts and is called the Irresistible Lunge.

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New Business Directory

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Mrs. Charles J. Arnold was in Indianapolis today.

Over the Tea Cups met with Mrs. O. F. Overstreet this afternoon.

Gen. and Mrs. Jesse M. Lee spent the day in the country with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Daggy.

The second lecture by Professor Thiden will be given at the Carnegie Library, Wednesday evening at 7:00 o'clock.

The C. W. B. M., of the Christian church, will meet with Mrs. James Mc. D. Hays, Wednesday afternoon at 2:30.

The Ben Hurs will dance at their hall on Thursday evening, Nov. 7. The grand march will start promptly at 8 o'clock.

Harry Maxwell has just returned from Joplin, Mo., where he has been assisting in evangelistical meetings. He leaves Friday for Evansville.

The following invitations have been received: Mr. and Mrs. H. Henry Tinscher requests your presence at their thirty-fifth anniversary, November 9, 1907, Lawton, Okla.

The Over the Tea Cups meet this afternoon with Mrs. O. F. Overstreet. Mrs. Sawlen spoke upon things of interest seen during her trip abroad.

Joseph Raub, of Indianapolis, formerly a DePauw University student and well known here, was here this morning for a visit with old time friends.

THE WEAVERS

By Gilbert Parker,

May be truly called a great novel. Its scenes laid in rural England and Mohammedan Egypt the Weavers presents a story intensely human; a story of love, high resolve and wonderful achievements by the sturdy hero of Quaker blood—and outranks in interest its predecessor "The Right of Way."

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Letter Heads

Do you want a "Bed Feller"

If so call at the

BIG DRUG HOUSE

Buy a hot water bottle. They are dandy on these cold nights. Will warm those cold feet; relieve the toothache or neuralgia and are indispensable in cases of cramps.

A Household Necessity

We carry a large line. Call in and look them over.

BADGER & GREEN

The District Meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will open in Locust Street church on Tuesday morning at 10:00 o'clock. Miss Shaw, lately from Mission work in China, will be the speaker for Tuesday evening. The public is cordially invited to all the sessions. Nov. 4-7.

The Rev. W. A. Sunday of Chicago, who will be here tomorrow to visit his daughter, who is attending the University, will speak in Meharry hall to the students tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. The public is cordially invited. Rev. Sunday is popularly known in the evangelistical field as the "base ball" evangelist.

HEBRON.

C. J. Leonard is reroofing his residence this week.

Carl Selgund and family have moved to Indianapolis.

Mrs. Rebecca Wilson, of Indianapolis, has been visiting her brother, James Everman.

Larkin James was through here taking pictures of the schools last week.

Several from here attended the sale of Jarvis and McGaughey, Saturday.

Miss Ruby Scott, of Russellville, was the guest of Alma Gardner Saturday night and Sunday.

J. C. Wilson and family and Mrs. Martha Burk spent Sunday at Wm. Everman's.

Hardy Nicholson has been quite sick the past week.

John W. Farrow was welcomed to this vicinity Saturday night, with an old fashioned chivari, he being recently married to Mary Goff, they will live at the latter's home.

SOUTH WASHINGTON.

Corn husking in full blast. Joe Evans has been suffering with a very sore hand.

Lola Cagle visited her cousin, Maud Cashner, last week.

Mrs. Walter Senter and Miss Eliza Evans visited Mrs. George Sublett at Manhattan last week.

Jessie Senter visited Fay Senter on Sunday.

Levi Neese and family visited at William Neese's on Sunday.

Frank Cagle and wife visited relatives in Clay county on Sunday.

Claud Kellums has been gathering corn for his uncle, Polk Kellum.

George Sublett and Ross Huffman of Manhattan visited Robert Evans on Sunday evening.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

William H. Breeden to Mary F. Branson, land in Warren township, \$1,000.

Geo. E. Bicknell to J. P. Grimstead, land in Greencastle township, \$900.

Joseph P. Rogers to Forest Hughes, land in Warren township, \$1,500.

Quincy Sore Throat.

The following mixture will generally quickly bring relief in case of a quincy sore throat: Thirty grains of chloride of potash, three drams of tincture of iron, four drams of glycerine and enough distilled water to make four ounces. The dose for an adult is one teaspoonful every hour until relieved. To avoid the constipating effect of the iron a good dose of some saline laxative should be taken.—New York World.

Method.

"He occasionally says things that are wonderfully apropos," said one statesman.

"Yes," answered the other; "he's like our parrot at home. It doesn't know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvelously apt."—Pittsburg Press.

Classical Music.

"What is your idea of classical music?"

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "as I understand it a classical piece is something that is very hard to play written by somebody whose name is very hard to pronounce."—Washington Star.

More Than One.

Edgar—What is better than a kiss?

Edna—Don't you know your multiplication table?—Pick-Me-Up.

TITLES OUT OF TONE

Incongruous Names an Observer In a Museum Noted.

BIRDS OF ANOTHER COLOR.

The Purple Finch, for instance, is Not Purple, but Wine Colored, and the Great Blue Heron is Gray—Flowers With Fantastic Designations.

"The purple finch," read the man, as he stood before a glass case of birds in a science museum. He squinted at the bird and then remarked scornfully, "But the bird is not purple; it is wine color." In the next case he encountered the label "Great Blue Heron" at the feet of an extremely long legged creature who was not blue at all, but a decided gray. The neighbor of the blue heron was the "green heron," a bird almost brown, with the tiniest flecks of green on it. Only by a big stretch of the imagination could it be called green. A familiar looking water bird bore the name "black duck," although it was brown with its wings tipped a tawny shade. In the next case there were three birds whose names the visitor read with disapproval. One was the "snowflake," a small bird of a decided brownish hue. Another was the "purple grackle," a brown bird with only the merest suggestion of purple. And lastly there was the "redstart," which was not red at all, but an undeniable orange and black. When he read the next label, "Rose Breasted Grosbeak," and observed that only the throat of the bird was rose color, while its breast was gray, the visitor hurried to find the curator to tell him how wrongly and absurdly birds were named.

The curator laughed. "My dear fellow," he protested, "you have happened on about the only birds in the museum that are incorrectly named. As a matter of fact, the birds found in this part of the country are very well named indeed, and you have picked out only the exceptions. What could be better named than the scarlet tanager, the bluebird, the catbird, the yellow bird, the woodpecker, the phoebe, the red winged blackbird, the bobolink, etc.? If you'll examine the wild flowers you'll find much more incongruous names. For instance, there's the oxeye daisy—and, by the way, the oxeye daisy is the common white petalled daisy with the yellow center, and not the yellow daisy with the brown center, as is generally supposed. Now, I cannot conceive how that little flower appears like the eye of an ox. The black eyed Susan, commonly known as the yellow daisy, is better named. But it is certainly extremely fantastic. It is a crying shame that a certain little sweet pale lavender flower which grows profusely should bear the hideous name of one flowered cancer root because its root vaguely resembles a cancer. But the name sticks.

"Then there is the lady's slipper. Can you imagine a lady's slipper fashioned like that? It is puffy and clumsy, and its name is no compliment to the fair sex. Another far fetched name is Solomon's seal. You know the flower is a tiny greenish or creamy white affair and is very unattractive in appearance, something like wintergreen blossoms. Well, it gets its name from its root, which bears a round scar left by the broken off old stalk which is so unlike the impression of a seal that it makes one wonder how any one could possibly have seen the likeness. The false Solomon's seal, by the way, is disgracefully named. It is far prettier than the real Solomon's seal and should have a pretty name of its own.

"Now, the name dogtooth violet is another bad one. In the first place the flower does not at all resemble a tooth of any sort, and in the second place it is nothing at all like a violet. The wild geranium is a fragile flower, lavender in color, something on the hepatica type, only considerably larger, so you can see how much likeness it has to the sturdy garden geranium.

"You've seen that crimson flower which at a distance looks like a wild rose and whose leaves are much like grape leaves and whose stems are very sticky? Well, its name is purple flowering raspberry, while its color is an unmistakable crimson.

"The blue vervain is a tall weed, with tiny, homely flowers, which grows in waste places beside the road, and it is purple, not blue. The iron weed has a queer Latin name which means 'Mr. Vernon, belonging to New York,' and is named after an early English botanist of New York state.

"How do you suppose those pink, fragrant blossoms along the roads which are near consins to the garden phlox got the name of bouncing Bets? It seems incongruous and flippant for this delicately tinted flower. On the other hand, who do you suppose gave the name cowslips to the small flowers of the meadow? It is certainly an appropriate one, but I wonder who conceived the pretty name."—New York Tribune.

Russian Betrothal Feast.

A Russian wedding culminates in the betrothal feast, at which the bride elect casts off a long tress of hair and gives it to her betrothed, who in turn presents the bride elect with bread and salt, an almond cake and a silver ring set with a turquoise.

Superstitious.

"You say he is superstitious?"

"Yes."

"What form does his superstition take?"

"Why, he thinks it's unlucky to work."

THE RATTLER'S BUTTONS.

Do Not Rely on Them to Tell the Age of the Reptile.

It is a very common fallacy concerning rattlesnakes that each segment of the rattle indicates a year of the serpent's existence, and it will probably be accepted until some one devises a safe method of examining the teeth. One has only to stand for a half hour in front of the rattlers' cage at any zoological garden or museum to hear it repeated several times, together with many other bits of misinformation which make the average "nature story" seem a statement of bald fact by comparison.

Although the young rattlesnake comes into the world equipped with but a single button on the end of its tail, when a year old it may have as many as a half dozen segments, while three a year may be taken as a fair average development. In hunting, crawling over rough country and through tangled brush the rattles are apt to be injured or lost, and occasionally a very large specimen is seen with but two or three segments, while one of the banded variety procured in Pennsylvania for the Bronx zoo was less than three feet in length and possessed seventeen perfect rattles, the absence of the terminal congenital button demonstrating that one or more pieces had been lost.

A segment is added to the rattle each time the snake casts its skin, and this may occur every month of the snake's active season, which in the northern states lasts from early May until the first severe storm of winter drives it to the den for its long hibernation. This casting of the skin, which is common to all serpents and many of the lizards, is a curious provision to protect the reptile from disease and discomfort, and like most of nature's provisions, it is a wise one.

Since the day when the serpent was condemned to crawl abjectly on its belly, instead of wriggling gracefully upon its tail, as a punishment for whispering suggestions for the fall into the eager ear of Eve it has been peculiarly liable to injure its sensitive integument, and, spending its existence in close contact with the ground, it becomes the unwilling host of many ticks and parasites which are harbored by the decaying vegetation. Any unfortunate who has accumulated a few wood ticks and laboriously removed them from his hide with the point of a knife and ammonia will appreciate how much easier it would be to grow a new skin and envy the serpent the ready means at its disposal to rid itself of the unwelcome pests. — Francis Metcalfe in Outing Magazine.

She Didn't Roost With the Chickens.

The homely forms of speech used by the country people with whom little Edith and her mother boarded last summer were frequently very puzzling to the child.

One evening the farmer's wife, in talking for a few minutes with Edith's mother, remarked that, as she was very tired that night, she believed she would "go to roost with the chickens."

When Edith's bedtime arrived a little later the youngster was nowhere to be found. After a considerable search she was discovered sitting on a large stone near the chicken house quietly watching the fowls as they came in one by one.

"Edith," called her mother, "what are you doing there? I've been looking for you everywhere. It's time to go to bed."

"I know, mother," was the reply, "but they're nearly all in now, so she'll be here soon, I guess."

"Who are in and who will be there? What on earth are you talking about, child?" asked the mystified mother.

"Why," explained Edith rather impatiently, "you know Mrs. — said she was going to roost with the chickens tonight, and I'm waiting to see how she does it."—New York Times.

The Greeting at the Pier.

"One of the most unsatisfactory experiences that I know of," said a man who likes to make his time count, "is meeting people, home from Europe, at the pier. They are glad to see you, as you are, of course, to see them, but I have never yet greeted a relative or friend under these circumstances without realizing the fact that my presence was more or less of a nuisance. What with the collection of the baggage from the stateroom and the hold, the fussing with the customs inspectors and the getting of the impedimenta to the express office or the cab the returned voyagers are fully occupied, and it is asking too much to expect them to pay particular attention to those who are right on hand to say 'how-de-do.' I imagine that ninety-nine out of a hundred travelers wish that their welcome would wait until there was a chance for a breath or two to be drawn."—New York Press.

Eglington Castle.

One of the most remarkable castles in Scotland—and there are many historic piles north of the Tweed—is Eglington castle, Ayrshire. It is not an ancient castle—having been built about 100 years ago—but it contains much of interest. From the town of Irvine to the lodge gates is a mile, and there is another mile to traverse before the castle itself is reached. All the principal rooms open out to a circular saloon with a cupola roof, which contains many mementoes of the famous tournament of 1839, organized by the present Lord Eglington's father, who spent £10,000 in an attempt to reproduce the chivalrous forms and ceremonies of olden times. In the saloon, too, are kept, among other objects of interest, the gun with which a poacher slew the tenth Earl of Eglington and the battle ax used by the Percy who was killed by Montgomery at Chevy Chase. —London Tit-Bits.

A Late Learned Secret.

[Original.]

Eli Mulholland, a bachelor of forty, at 10 o'clock at night went up three pairs of stairs, opened the door of his rented room and as he entered heaved a deep sigh. It was heard by Lydia Nutter, the landlady's daughter, aged twenty, who wondered what caused it. Had she, too, been forty instead of twenty, without having followed the course dictated by nature—mating and rearing children—she would have understood that if translated into words the sigh would say:

"Oh, this lonely room!"

Eli Mulholland had in his youth chosen athletic sports with which to beguile his leisure hours. He was a man's man rather than a girl's man. He remembered a pair of bright eyes beaming upon him when he had won the champion cup for single sculls. They and the smile that accompanied them were then no more to him than a passing whiff of violets. Now, as he entered his lonely room, he remembered that the girl he had failed to claim was the wife, and mother of children, of the man he had beaten in the race. He had won the cup, which he had so dearly prized, leaving for his antagonist the girl, whom he had considered merely one of a million. Now the cup was in a vault with other trinkets; the girl was the light of a household.

He remembered another whom he had played with in a double game of tennis, an execrable player, but a soft voiced beauty; how he had saved the game by his skill and activity; how she had received the prize—a silver mounted racket—from his hands, with blushes that told him she would have gladly taken him instead.

These and others with whom he had feared to become entangled contributed their part in that deep drawn sigh, so unintelligible to Lydia Nutter. He was no longer the companion of young people. He had passed the mating period and had not mated.

"What troubled you last night, Mr. Mulholland, as you went into your room?" asked Lydia the next morning as the bachelor went out to get his lonely breakfast.

"I troubled? What do you mean?"

"You drew such a sad sigh."

As Eli looked into her sympathetic eyes something of two decades before came back to him. Was it too late to save what remained of his life from a loneliness intensified with each passing year? As quickly as the thought came it was banished. Had he stood still for twenty years while others had grown old? He turned to pass out without reply. How could he tell this girl, who when he was her age was scarcely born, that he had wasted his opportunities, and, though he had gained the world, it was worthless; that which he had selfishly thought he wished for himself when attained had shriveled in his hands, since he had no wife or children to bestow it upon?

"When you feel that way again, come down and we'll try to comfort you," said Lydia.

There was a wistful look in his eyes as he closed the door.

That night he sat in the reading room of his club pretending to read the newspapers, while he was watching the clock. He wished to go to the house where he roomed, but he would go neither too late nor too early—not after Lydia had gone to bed, not so early that he would seem to have come to be with her, for that was his intention. He chose half past 9 as the hour most likely to conceal it and, after two hours' watching the clock, left the club. Lydia was in the sitting room with her mother, the mother reading, Lydia at some fancy work.

"I'm in rather early tonight," he said to Lydia. "There was nothing doing at the club. I've brought some playing cards. Would you mind a game?"

Again the smile that greeted him reminded him of the face that had beamed upon him when he had been an athletic victor. Then it had been accompanied by the flush of victory, the plaudits of thousands. Now it was bestowed upon a lonely soul hungering for sympathy.

They sat down to a game ostensibly of cards, really to one of love. Lydia had admired the stalwart middle aged man whose hair was beginning to turn, but had not dreamed of being the wife of one she regarded so great. Eli clutched at what he regarded a straw to save him from a desolate old age. Neither believed it possible to win the game, and yet both had already won it.

Eli insisted on a stake, sweetmeats, and always contrived to lose. It might have been arranged at once, but Eli, fearing to spoil his game by haste, thinking that great skill at angling was essential, did not dare declare himself till the winter had passed and the time of the singing birds had come. Then when he had spent months setting his trap he sprung it.

Eli Mulholland is now fifty and his wife thirty. He does not brood over the difference in their ages, for, while half his age, now she is three-fifths of it. Besides, several curly headed urchins are of far more importance to both. Eli, who at twenty coveted wealth to spend upon himself, is now happy that he has a fair share of it to spend upon his wife and children.

If this experience could be imparted to the young, how many more people would pass a contented old age!

GERTRUDE GOWAN.



Don't Preach About Home Trade

and at the same time send your orders for job printing out of town. Your home printer can do your work just as good, and in nine cases out of ten he can beat the city man's prices, because he pays much less for running expenses. By sending your next printing order to this office you'll be better satisfied all around, and you'll be keeping the money at home.

TRIPLE EXTRACT.

Process by Which the Odor of Flowers Is Obtained.

Flowers that are to be used in the manufacture of perfumes are always gathered at nightfall or quite early in the morning, when the dew is upon them. Before they are gathered, however, receptacles are prepared for them in the shape of large frames, over which are stretched cotton cloths well saturated with olive oil or almond oil. The cut flowers are brought in and are thickly spread on a frame. Then another frame is fitted over it, and that in turn is well spread with flowers. Then a third frame is fitted over the second spread of flowers, and thus the work goes on until a huge pile of flowers is prepared.

This flower heap is left for two days, at the end of which time the flowers are removed from the frames and replaced by fresh ones. The frames are filled and emptied every two days until two weeks have passed. Then the cloths are detached from the frames and placed under great pressure, and all the oil is pressed out of them. The oil thus obtained is heavily charged with the fragrance of the flowers, and it is mixed with double its weight of very pure rectified spirit and put in a vessel called a "digestor," which is simply a porcelain or block tin kettle that fits in another kettle. When in use the outer vessel is filled with boiling water.

In this vessel the mixture of oil and spirits "digests" for three or four days. Then, after having cooled, the spirit is decanted into another vessel, holding the same quantity of fragrant oil, and the digesting process is repeated. After being thus digested three times the spirit is found to have taken up enough of the perfume, and it is then decanted from the oil for the third and last time through a tube, one end of which is filled with cotton wool to serve as a filter. The fluid thus prepared is called "triple extract."

OUR WANT COLUMN

Mules for Sale—The farmers of Putnam county that want to buy a team of mules to work on the farm can't afford to miss Bascom O'Hair's sale on Tuesday the 12th of Nov. Four miles west of Bainbridge. 25 pair of mules will be sold on nine months time without interest. Wtt Dct 88

Boy Wanted—Boy wanted to learn the printers trade. Apply at this office.

For Sale—Some house furnishings in good condition. Among them a handsome old sideboard, also a lawn tennis net. Call at 620 east Anderson. tf 62

Board—Bessie E. Stoker has opened dining room of the Blake Hotel and is prepared to furnish board by the meal or week. tf

Wanted at Once—Young man or girl to do reportorial work on the Herald. Apply at office at once.

Wonderful Eczema Cure.

"Our little boy had eczema for five years," writes N. A. Adams, Henrietta, Pa. "Two of our home doctors said the case was hopeless, his lungs being affected. We then employed other doctors, but no benefit resulted. By chance we read about Electric Bitters; bought a bottle and soon noticed improvement. We continued this medicine until several bottles were used, when our boy was completely cured." Best of all blood medicines and body building health tonics. Guaranteed at The Owl Drug Store, 50c.

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